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# Life on the Sun

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## Chapter 1 by -

Something was not right about the situation I was in. There was nothing to do though... Nothing to stop them from killing me. There was just one thing I didn't understand: Why me?

Hang on. Let me back up. The year is 12. Yep. That's right. Just 12. It is the 12th year that humans have inhabited the sun. You are probably thinking that this isn't possible, but earth was destroyed by the sun, or embedded in it, I should say. The earth somewhat survived, but was quickly scorched by the sun, sending all of us exploring on the sun. We obviously have to wear SoliSector Suits, or "scorchers" as we all know them by that protect us from the heat of the sun, however it has been different lately. Because we do not revolve around the sun anymore, there is no way to keep track of time. That is why it is only year 12. We don't know how long a year is. SoliSector is the many company here on the sun. They make the Scorchers and pick the "Scorchees" or people who basically die to explore. That's right! Every month or so (because we can't keep track of time) SoliSector randomly (or not so randomly, if you believe in the rumors) chooses a person that sets out on the inhabited part of the sun. No one has come back yet. All dead, most likely.

But they have chosen me. Like I said before, why me? There was no way of knowing, and there was no way to escape it, so I put on my food and set out into the open, unexplored, extremely hot

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But it was not what I was expecting. After walking around the sun for a couple days (or what I thought were days), I found a city. The people that had been send out into the unexplored made a colony, which was much better than the one I had come from. However, I didn't know their ways, and I had to pay the price. As I said before, they are going to kill me. There is nothing to stop it.

What I did wasn't that bad though. I just don't understand. When I got to the city, I asked them where I was, but that was the wrong move. They thought I was from SoliSector, which is their sworn enemy, so they wanted to kill me. There was nothing I could do to help myself. All they wanted was my head on a stick. I know it's gross, but it's true. It is so true.

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